



ANOTHER PROTEST.

Merchants Want the Excursion Limit Extended.

A Just Appeal Made to the Railroad Companies.

Who of the Four Hundred Has Dared to Sell His \$30 Box?

Not long ago the wholesale dry-goods merchants of the city made a lock against the railroad companies for limiting the excursion tickets to the Centennial celebration to six days.

They make a strong argument in favor of their claim by showing that the "time limit" for tickets on other occasions of importance was much more generous.

The appeal is signed by Simpson, Crawford & Simpson, H. H. Macy & Co., Edward Biddle & Sons, E. J. Dennis & Co., James McCreary & Co., Lord & Taylor, Le Bonfillier Brothers, H. O'Neill & Co., James A. Hearty & Son, Rich Brothers, John Danvers & Son, H. F. Koch & Co., Adams & Co., and Aitken, Son & Co.

With other matters which are now coming up for consideration by the members of the Sub-Committee on Railroads and Transportation all that they can possibly attend to, and a busier time could hardly be found in town.

Most of the big railroad companies, in addition to running special excursion trains, have promised to double their service, while the Pennsylvania Central is to triple and the Pennsylvania road quadruple its service during the celebration.

People in the West and South are preparing to do the largest passenger traffic in their history. It is estimated that the additional trains from New York during the period of the Centennial will aggregate more than 1,000,000 persons.

Almost all the chairmen of sub-committees are so pressed with work that they have been obliged to appoint a number of aides to assist them.

Mr. Murray is overwhelmed with applications for tickets for the parade, and as there is only room for 2,000 a very large number will have to be rejected.

There are still lots of seats unoccupied for the City Park 25-cent stands, and several hundred for the Waverly place stands, while no sales at all have yet been made for Union Square, which will accommodate the largest number of all, and the seats will be sold for the uniform price of 50 cents.

A rumor which is circulating the Four Hundred just now is to the effect that one of the "right people" who are to be invited to the Metropolitan Opera-House boxes at \$800 a piece, has disposed of his privilege at a handsome profit.

Chief Rabbi Jacob Joseph, of the Union of Orthodox Hebrew Congregations of the United States, has been invited to the Metropolitan Opera-House boxes at \$800 a piece, has disposed of his privilege at a handsome profit.

The importance and character of the celebration—the time it will cover, the compulsory loss to the retail merchants in consequence, the consideration due to visitors from distant points, the almost certain experience of one or more days of bad weather—all demand that the

STILL BURNING.

Flames and Smoke Hovering Over the Ruins To-Day.

Total Loss to Factory and Elevators Near \$3,000,000.

The Injured People Are Doing Well in the Hospital.

A Fireman Drops Into the River, but is Rescued.

A big-bodied fireman slept on the soaking wet and charred dock at the foot of West Fifty-ninth street, when an EVENING WORLD reporter visited the scene of the great fire at 9 o'clock this morning.

The fireman's pillow was a heap of burnt brick and timber. The big rubber boots on his feet rested in a pool of water. Fire had singed his blond mustache and eyebrows.

Within forty feet of him the flames still waged as fiercely in the cellar of Wilcox's lard factory as they did when they first broke out there yesterday afternoon.

During the night the third brick wall had fallen down as far as the second and third stories. The portions left standing looked grim and battle worn in the muggy morning light.

The flames in the cellar amid the canned lard and cod-oil seed oil, wailed merrily, rising forty and fifty feet in the air.

Black smoke, dense and choking, poured out from the furnace and rolled gently northward in the air.

Rooster & Skidmore's storage-house, which stood behind the Wilcox Company, was a mass of smoldering ruins which stood about forty feet high, rising up from the ground a story or two above the street level.

The flames burned smoothly all over this pile of debris, and a light, thin smoke rolled up and under the roof and around the sides, blown up from it with every gust of wind, and went floating carelessly away in the air.

The roof of the still burning structure was of two tall chimneys, where once had stood the gigantic elevators of the New York Central Company.

These chimneys, and a few portions of brick wall were all that was left to sight. The rest had fallen inward and outward, and burned quickly in a mournful sort of a "fit-and-start-faulty" way. Such a scene of total destruction is rarely seen in this city.

The river in the alley between the several burnt piers was covered with grease and oil, and the water in the gutter was black with the same. The extreme point destroyed by the fire, was extremely picturesque in its total destruction.

Some portions of it was still in fire, and to these points the wind, which was directed from the fire-boat Havenmeyer and Fuller.

PEARSON DEAD.

The End Came Peacefully at 4.25 This Morning.

Heartse, Overworked and Dragged Down by a Tumor.

Thirty Years of Toil in Every Grade in the Post-Office.

Thomas L. James Acting Postmaster Until Van Cott Appears.

Postmaster Henry G. Pearson is dead. He passed away peacefully at the home of his father-in-law, ex-Postmaster-General Thomas L. James, Highwood, N. J., at 4.25 o'clock this morning.

It was rumored late last night that Mr. Pearson was dead and one of the morning papers announced that his demise occurred at 9 o'clock last evening.

Indeed he had been dying for hours. He was the mother of thirteen children. His only wife, who he wedded when he had reached the age of sixty-three years, was a widow and brought him three children. His second wife, who he wedded when he had reached the age of sixty-three years, was a widow and brought him three children.

At the age of thirty he came to New York City, gave up the sea and married his first wife. She was the mother of thirteen children. His only wife, who he wedded when he had reached the age of sixty-three years, was a widow and brought him three children.

Mr. Pearson was much depressed by the death of his son-in-law, and Assistant Postmaster Gaspard was most prostrated. He had been a fellow-worker with "Harry" Pearson for many years.

No arrangements have as yet been made for the funeral.

Mr. Pearson had been suffering for months with a tumor in his stomach, yet he persisted in attending to his duties at the Post-Office until a few days ago, when he was attacked by a foe to resist which all his strength was needed.

It was at the Post-Office last week Tuesday, when he was attacked by a foe to resist which all his strength was needed.

Thursday night there were five hemorrhages of his son-in-law, and Assistant Postmaster Gaspard was most prostrated. He had been a fellow-worker with "Harry" Pearson for many years.

Mr. Pearson was much depressed by the death of his son-in-law, and Assistant Postmaster Gaspard was most prostrated. He had been a fellow-worker with "Harry" Pearson for many years.

No arrangements have as yet been made for the funeral.

Mr. Pearson had been suffering for months with a tumor in his stomach, yet he persisted in attending to his duties at the Post-Office until a few days ago, when he was attacked by a foe to resist which all his strength was needed.

HEAVY ARTILLERY FOR CURS.

Dogs and cats are in hard luck. They have had buckshots and blacking brushes thrown at them ever since they can remember.

They have been pelted with stones and bricks, been shot at and had tin cans tied to their tails.

Another misdeed has been discovered. These are now in danger of window shutters.

Dr. B. G. Dovey, of 26 West Fourth street, objects to having window shutters thrown at his dogs, especially when they are hurled maliciously from the roof by some neighbors.

A heavy shutter came crashing down into his back yard yesterday afternoon. The doctor said it was a very heavy shutter, and in position that it did not drop off the hinges of its own accord.

It was thrown by somebody who has a spite against his dogs.

The doctor wants to find out who did it, and inserted this notice in the Evening World: "If any person or persons who threw the window shutter at my dog, Benjamin G. Dovey, 26 West 4th st., into my yard, Benjamin G. Dovey, 26 West 4th st., will please call on me at my residence, 26 West 4th st., and I will be glad to reward them with a handsome sum of money."

Dr. Dovey is a physician to birds and animals. He keeps a hospital for indiospines and felines at No. 26.

He keeps a hospital for indiospines and felines at No. 26.

He keeps a hospital for indiospines and felines at No. 26.

He keeps a hospital for indiospines and felines at No. 26.

He keeps a hospital for indiospines and felines at No. 26.

He keeps a hospital for indiospines and felines at No. 26.

He keeps a hospital for indiospines and felines at No. 26.

He keeps a hospital for indiospines and felines at No. 26.

He keeps a hospital for indiospines and felines at No. 26.

HIS TWENTY-SECOND CHILD.

PROUD MR. DAVID FLUCKER WELCOMES LITTLE JANE.

He is 73 Years Old, and Has Been Married Twice—Nineteen of the Children are His Own and Three Stepchildren—A Steady Longshoreman Who Has Been Three Times Around the World.

Mr. David Flucker, a good old Scotch Presbyterian, who lives in No. 413 West Sixty-third street, has just been presented by his excellent wife with his twenty-second child.

The new-comer is a beautiful little blue-eyed girl, with a snow-white face. Mr. Flucker, who is seventy-three years of age, is very fond of his little child of a week old, and says: "She is as handsome as wax." The little one has been christened Jane.

Mrs. Flucker is a second wife. Mr. Flucker married her ten years ago. She has presented him with six children.

Mr. Flucker is an intelligent and very religious man, who has lived in the city for thirty-three years, thirty-nine of which he has passed at arduous labor as a longshoreman.

Though seventy-three years old, he still works along shore, and expects to work on the piers for many years to come.

He is about five feet seven inches tall, compactly built, and his eyes and whiskers are slightly streaked with gray. He does not look more than 50 years old.

He was born in Leith, Scotland, in which country his mother still lives, a hale and vigorous woman of 103 years. As a boy of twelve years he went to sea, and followed an ocean life for eighteen years.

He circumnavigated the globe three times, and was shipwrecked two or three times, once clinging to the topmast of a water-logged ship without food or water till he was rescued. He served five years in the British navy.

At the age of thirty he came to New York City, gave up the sea and married his first wife. She was the mother of thirteen children. His only wife, who he wedded when he had reached the age of sixty-three years, was a widow and brought him three children.

His second wife, who he wedded when he had reached the age of sixty-three years, was a widow and brought him three children.

At the age of thirty he came to New York City, gave up the sea and married his first wife. She was the mother of thirteen children. His only wife, who he wedded when he had reached the age of sixty-three years, was a widow and brought him three children.

His second wife, who he wedded when he had reached the age of sixty-three years, was a widow and brought him three children.

At the age of thirty he came to New York City, gave up the sea and married his first wife. She was the mother of thirteen children. His only wife, who he wedded when he had reached the age of sixty-three years, was a widow and brought him three children.

His second wife, who he wedded when he had reached the age of sixty-three years, was a widow and brought him three children.

EXTRA.

2 O'CLOCK.

A CLUE AT LAST.

One of the Danmarks Lifeboats Found in Mid-Ocean.

Signs that its Occupants Were Taken Off in Safety.

Revival of Hopes that the Lost 700 Are at the Azores.

[SPECIAL CABLE TO THE EVENING WORLD.] LONDON, April 20.—The most encouraging news yet heard here concerning the people who were on board the lost steamship Danmark is that brought by Capt. Blackin, of the British steamer Minnesota.

From the information which he gives it seems probable that at least a portion of the Danmarks' people and possibly all of them have been rescued.

Capt. Blackin has arrived at Tilbury on the Thames after a trip from Baltimore. He reports passing, April 4, in latitude 45.18 north, longitude 37.50 west, a life-boat painted white and bearing on its stern in black letters: "DANMARK, COPENHAGEN."

From appearances it was thought that people had been in the boat, but that they had been taken off. A tarpaulin was spread in the bottom, one was in the boat and three of the rowlocks were in position.

A boat-hook was lying on the bottom and pieces of cigar-boxes were seen. The painter was neatly coiled in the stern. There was considerable water in the boat.

No news had been received at the office of Funch, Edye & Co. to-day. The Danish steamer Steadfast arrived this morning. She sailed from Bremen April 11, and Capt. Blackin reports that on the 16th he sighted a life-boat in the Atlantic. He visited the office of Funch, Edye & Co., and made this report, but he stated that the lifeboat was painted yellow.

The steamer P. Caland from Antwerp, has also arrived, but she saw nothing of the Danmarks.

The island of the Thinsvalle line, called for Copenhagen, was reported to have been captured instructions by the company to go by the ship's channel route instead of passing around the northern point of Scotland.

His instructions are to make a diligent search along the route for traces of the Danmarks, speaking every craft which his lookout may sight.

The Danmarks' people were taken off on April 8 by a steam vessel and conveyed to the Azores, news of them should reach Lisbon by the mail steamer to-day, and to-morrow, and a dispatch would undoubtedly be sent from there to New York immediately. But the steaming ship was sailing in the Atlantic and it is not possible that it could have seen the Danmarks' people, now overdue nine days at this date. The thought is that they had stepped up the 730 passengers and crew of the Danmarks and taken them to a safe port.

AFTER FOXHALL KEENE. Young Mr. Foxhall Keene has got himself into difficulty with Nathaniel Murray, a horse-car driver at Cedarhurst, L. I., who accuses the young sport of feloniously assaulting him, and has obtained a warrant for his arrest.

Murray says that on April 4, Keene, accompanied by two friends, went over from Woodbury to the Cedarhurst race track in his car, and that the driver that he would want to go back at 2 o'clock and directed him to wait for him.

After waiting several minutes after the time specified Murray started the car. Two or three minutes afterwards Keene hove in sight, running up the road, and when he boarded the car he jumped on the front platform and proceeded to knock Murray off into the mud.

Murray got up again, but was again knocked off and retired, leaving Keene and his two friends to drive the car home.

Ulton Square on the Lido of parade; excellent! SPECIAL FAVORS CIGARETTES; purest and best.

THE PISTOL WEST OFF. Young Coney's Freshness Sends Miss Denike to the Hospital. Patsy Coney isn't so bad a marksman at short range.

DEAD AND INJURED. As stated in THE EVENING WORLD Sporting Extra yesterday the only man killed was Henry Jennings, aged thirty-five, a carpenter, who jumped from the third-story window, were doing well in hospital this morning.

THE RIDGEWOOD'S HALL TEAM. In the Newark Ridgewood game at Ridgewood to-morrow (Sunday) the home team will be: Madigan, c.; Winters, p.; Seibert, 1st b.; Friz, 2d b.; Miller, s.; Reuter, 3d b.; Butler, l. f.; Panker, c. l., and Baumgartner, r. f.

TWO DOLLARS FOR THE DUVALS. "Tommy Pug" kindly sends \$2 to THE EVENING WORLD, to be added to the fund for the Duval family, whose distressing circumstances have been related in these columns.

Large advertisement for 'The Sunday World' featuring 'The Land of Ivory and Spices' and 'The Big Centennial'.